







*John Eustace Anderson.*



of KING'S RARE EDITION OF 1557, black letter,  
4to. dark blue polished Levant morocco extra, finely  
tooled on sides and back, gilt edges, by Riviere  
(1557)

? date, possibly c. 1510

See Collier's C. Engl. hist.

I p. 11-12 ? his copy, otherwise unknown

? Hazlett H. p. 35 ? referred to

3/10L  
7



Dobell.



L.C. 3117.

NATIONAL LIBRARY  
OF SCOTLAND  
EDINBURGH







*Kinge Edward 1557*  
These gates be shyte so wonderly well  
That we may not come here in  
Than spake clymme of the cloughe  
With a wyle we wyll vs in bynge  
Let vs say we be messengers  
Streight comen from oure kynge  
Adam sayd I haue a lettre wyten wele  
Now let vs wysely werke  
We wyll say we haue the kynges seale  
I holde the porter no clerke  
Than adam bell bete on the gate  
With strokes greate and stronge  
The porter herde luche noyse therate  
And to the gate faste he thronge  
Who is there now he sayd the porter  
That maketh all this knockynge  
We be two messengers sayd clymme of the clow  
Be comen streight frome oure kynge  
We haue a lettre sayd adam bell  
To the Iustyce we must it bynge  
Let vs in oure messlage to do  
That we were agayne to our kynge  
Here cometh no man in sayd the porter  
By hym that dyed on a tre  
Tyll a false thefe be hanged  
Called wylliam of clowdr



we haue the kynges seale  
lordane arte thou wode  
porter had wende it had ben so  
lyghtly dyd of his hode  
me be my lordes seale sayd he  
it shall ye come in  
ened the gate ryght shortly  
suppl openynge for hym  
we are wein sayd adam bell  
erof we are full fayne  
it cryst knoweth that herowed hell  
to we shall come oute agayne  
the keys sayd clym of the clowgh  
th well than sholde we spede  
nyght we come out well ynough  
a we se tyme and nege  
called the porter to a counsell  
wonge his necke in two  
id kest hym in a depe dongeon  
id toke the keys hym fro  
wani I porter sayd adam bell  
under the keys haue we here  
worste porter to niery carlell  
had this hondzeth yere  
wyl we oure bowes bende  
ie wyl we go  
under



The market place of mery carlyll  
They beset in that stounde  
And as they looked them besyde  
A payre of newe galowes there they se  
And the iustyce with a quest of sweters  
That had iuged clowdysle there hanged to be  
And clowdysle hymselfe lay redy in a carte  
Fau sounde bothe fote and hande  
And a stronge rope aboute his necke  
All redy for to be hangde  
The iustyce called to hym a ladde  
Clowdysles clothes I holde he haue  
To take the mesure of that good yoman  
And therafter to make his graue  
I haue sene as greate a merueyll sayd clowdy  
As byt wene this and pryue  
He that maketh this graue for me  
Hymselfe may lye therein  
Thou spekest proudeley sayd the iustyce  
I shall hange the with my hande  
Full well that herde his bretheren two  
There styll as the dyd stande  
Than clowdysle cast his eyen asyde  
And sawe his two bretheren stande  
At a corner of the market place  
With theyr good bowes bente in theyr hand  
Redy the iustyce for to chale  
I se good comforte sayd clowdysle  
Yet hope I well to fare  
If I myght haue my handes at wyll



Ik wolde Ik care  
spake good adam bell  
me of the clowgh so fre  
e ye marke the iustyce well  
er ye may hym se  
the sheryf shote Ik wyll  
ly with an arowe kene  
shotte in mery caryll  
en yere was not sene  
iled theyr arowes bothe at ones  
an had they deth  
hert the iustyce the other the sheryf  
the theyr sydes gan blede  
boyded that them stode nye  
e iustyce fell to the grounde  
sheryf fell nyghe hym by  
ad his dethes wounde  
tezeyns fast gan fle.  
rite no lenger abyde  
ghtly they loused clowdysle  
with ropes lay tyde  
sterte to an offycer of the towne  
ut of his hande he wronge  
de he smote them downe  
ght he had tarped to longe  
sayd to his brytheren two  
et vs togyder lyue and deye  
ue nede as Ik haue now  
I ye fynde by me  
bell in that tyde



For theyr strynges were of ype full sure  
That they kepte the stretes on euery syde  
That batayll dyd longe endure  
They fought togyder as betheren true  
Lyke hardy men and bolde  
Many a man to the grounde they threwe  
And made many an herte colde  
But whan theyr arrows were all gone  
Men presyd on them full fast  
They drew theyr swerdes than anone  
And theyr bowes from them caste  
They wente lyghtly on theyr waye  
With swerdes and bucklers rounde  
By that it was the myddes of the daye  
They had made many a wounde  
There was many an oute horne in carlyll & town  
And the belles backwarde dyd they ryng  
Many a woman sayd alas  
And many theyr handes dyd wryng  
The mayre of carlyll forth come was  
And with hym a full grete route  
These thre yomen dreedde hym full soze  
For theyr lyues stode in doubte  
The mayre came armed a full grete pace  
With a polaxe in his hande  
Many a stronge man with hym was  
There in that stoure to stande  
The mayre smote at clowdysle with his boll  
His buckeler he brast in two  
Full many a yoman with grete yll



As ttrason they cryed for wo  
e w~~at~~ the gates fast they bad  
t these ttraytours theroute not go  
ut all for nought was that they wrought  
for so fast they downe were layde  
Tyll they all th~~at~~ that so manfully fought  
Were gotten w~~ith~~out at a brayde  
Haue here your keys sayd adam bell  
Whyne offyr I here forlake  
If ye do by my counsell  
A newe porter ye make  
He th~~ere~~we the keys there at theyr hedges  
And bad them eu~~er~~ll to th~~ere~~ue  
And all tha~~t~~ letteth ony good yoman  
To come an~~d~~ comforte his wyue  
Thus be~~ing~~ good yomen gone to the wode  
As lyght as iere on lynde  
They laughe a~~nd~~ be mery in theyr mode  
Theyr enemyes were farre behynde  
Whan they came to Inglyf wode  
Under theyr trysty tre  
There they founde bowes full gode  
And arrowes greate plente  
So helpe me god sayd adam bell  
And clymme of the clowgh so fre  
I wolde we were nowe in mery carlell  
For that fayre meyne  
And th~~ere~~ them downe and made good chere  
And ate an~~d~~ drinke full well  
There is a fytt~~er~~ these myght yongemen



And another I shall you tell

**A**s they sat in Englyf wode

Under theyr trysty tre

Them thought they herde a woman

But her they myght not se

Soze syghed there fayre alpe

And alas that euer I se this daye

For now is my dere husbonde slayne

As and welawaye

Myght I haue spoken with his de

With eyther of them twayne

My herte were out of payne

Clowdsle walked a lytell besyde

And lokyd vnder the grene wodde

He was ware of his wyfe and hu

Full wo in herte and mynde

Welcome wyfe than sayd

Vnto this trysty tre

I had wende yester daye by

Thou sholde me neuer hau

Nowe wele is mef he

My herte is out of r

Dame he sayd be me

And thanks myn hert

Her

Iw

The



we a hartz of grece  
coude there se  
best alyce my wyfe  
n of clowdysle  
woldely stode me by  
ayne full nye  
cure to theyr souper  
ete as they had  
od of theyr fortune  
he mery and glad  
p had souped well  
thouten leace  
ayt we myll to oure kynge  
a chartre of peace  
he + + + + +  
ournyng

er go

with me

ayne

and gone



